

Then will she be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What stuff's here? pore foule.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you must Bring a peece of silver on the tip of your tongue, Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where The blessed spirits, as the's a fight now; we maids That have our Lyvers, perish'd, crakt to peeces with Love, we shall come there, and doe nothing all day long But picke flowers with Proserpine, then will I make *Palamon* a Nofegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily she's amisse? note her a little further.

Dan. Faith ile tell you, sometime we goe to Barly breake, We of the blessed; alas, tis a sore life they have i'th Thother place, such burning, frying, boyling, hissing, Howling, chattering, cursing, oh they have shrowd Measure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or Drowne themselves, thither they goe, *Jupiter* blesse Vs, and there shall we be put in a Caldron of Lead, and Vsurers grease, amongst a whole million of Cutpurses, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon That will never be enough.

Exit.

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with Child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the Nav'le, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very grievous punishuent, as one would thinke, for such a Trifle, beleve me one would marry a leaprous witch, to be rid on't Ile assure you.

Doct. How she continues this fancie? Tis not an engrafted Madnesse, but a most thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud City wiffe, howle together: I weate a beast and i'd call it good sport: one cries, on this smoake, another this fire; One cries, o, that ever I did it behold the arras, and then howles; th'other curses a suing fellow and her garden house.

Sings. *I will betrae, my stars, my fate, &c.* *Exit. Daugh.*
Jaylor.

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